

Monday

ON MONDAY, after Sabbath rest, a man should go to work with vim, roll up his sleeves, pull down his vest, and show there are no flies on him. If happy fortune he deserves, he'll laugh to scorn "Blue Monday's" woe, and he'll say, "Now, watch my curves, and mark the swath that I shall mow." Get started right on Monday morn, no pause with grousches to condole; go, paint the fence or shell the corn, and work with music in your soul. Go forth among the busy men, and show them you can do your share, and when the Sabbath comes again, 'twill find you right side up with care. Ods bodikins! Beshrew the skates who start the week with idle hands! The Master of the Vineyard waits and for our labor makes demands. Tradition says that Monday's blue, but that to us should seem a joke, if we have useful work to do, and strength to bear our padded yoke. The man who has an honest task should never to a roar give vent, nor hide his face behind a mask of grogginess and discontent. No mortal has a right to kick unless he has no work to do, or, having work, is too blamable for his daily duties to pursue.

(Copyright by George M. Adams.) —WALT MASON.

A Police Court Innovation

RECORDER McGovern of the New York police court has a cure for cigarette smoking, and once or twice a week long rows of little nines and ten year old chaps, with some older boys and a few men, are treated to the cure. It consists of swabbing or spraying the throat with a silver nitrate solution which it is believed destroys the joy of the taste of cigarette smoke. The recorder warns the youngsters in a booming voice that they cannot be cured unless they want to be—that the cure works only when it is aided by a little will power on the part of the victim. Two doctors in attendance do the swabbing, and the recorder, who is a friend of the boys of the streets and boys who are always giving the police trouble, jollies them up and gives them sound advice, penetrates their evasions, and slaps them on the back like a brother and friend when they come out honest. His way is different from judge Lindsay, but like judge Lindsay he knows the sure way to the faith of the small boy and knows how to stay there. He is keeping a record of the boys and his belief that by eliminating the extraordinary indulgence in cigarettes by the growing boy he is helping New York out of her vice and unfitness.

Uncle Sam is after the backyard wireless telegraph operators who pick out any and all wireless messages from the blue sky, and it will be necessary after this to have a license before putting up a pole to get the news.

The little Dutch princess Juliana made her debut on the ice this winter, being given her first lesson by her mother the queen, who like all Dutch girls and women is an expert skater. If the little girl falls heir to as much love and devotion and interest as her mother, the girl queen, awakened not only in little Holland but round the world, she will be a fortunate princess indeed.

English newspaper paragraphers have had the time of their lives trying to write baseball talk while the American players were there. Baseball lingo is peculiarly hard for the novice to grapple.

A Woman's Executive Ability

IT TOOK Mrs. C. W. Post six hours after her husband had consented to an operation, to arrange the remarkable trip across the country and the operation at the end. She showed a quick executive ability that presidents and secretaries of state, revolutionaries, scientists, and federalists, and even ordinary husbands and wives might envy. By long distance telephoning and telegraphing she arranged the trip by special train from Santa Barbara, Cal., to Rochester, Minn., with three different railway systems, arranged with the hospital for the operation, planned for a night's sleep before, demanded steady running over California's flood district, and calculated upon highest speed in the safest places. The trip was wonderful in showing what can be done when a woman tries and railroads are put to their best efforts. The operation was successful.

New England has been asking special service from the boy scouts in distributing grain over the snow and hanging out in the trees for the wild birds who are suffering on account of the snow. The boy scout is working out for himself a wide field of usefulness to the state and to himself in developing to the utmost his sympathies, understanding, and service. Citizenship cannot but be vastly improved by the high standards of usefulness of the scout service.

Poirot, the famous French dressmaker whose name many husbands adore and many wives hold in reverential esteem, believes that the young are finest at color and design. The Martine colors and designs that are the rage in Paris are the ideas of his young daughter and a group of girl workers whom the master costumer thinks particularly able to create vivid designs and colorings—better than the reserved and aloof designs of older brains and tastes.

Vice President Marshall's Advice

WHILE MEXICO is committing suicide, and Uncle Sam is wringing his hands over Panama tolls and treaties, and Roosevelt is finding brand new rivers on the globe, and Taft is preaching better law, vice president Marshall offers the world this nugget of advice: "Husbands, kiss your wives every day, and there won't be so much divorce."

What does Marshall know about other men's wives and other men's kisses anyway? Kisses are a mighty delicate article to deal with and nobody wants government advice about them.

While the men are earning money and investing and saving and counting towards comfort, the good mothers of the land are watching their children trying to build sound bodies and good working mental machinery. The mothers are investing their health, beauty, and comfort, their minds and their lives, in the children.

Connecticut has enlisted the school children in a war against the tent moths which have multiplied so as to endanger every fruit and nut tree in the state and many of the shade trees. Prizes are offered and the schools put pictures of the egg masses of the moth and of the murder to trees she does, on school bulletin boards so that the children are given lessons in practical science in which children are always keenly interested, and the state is being rid of a pestilential enemy. The children really enjoy cleaning up the state.

If the bars against undesirable are put up much higher, how is the average foreign count going to be able to visit his wife's folks? asks the Washington Post.

One-Sentence Philosophy

**POINTED PARAGRAPHS.**  
(Chicago News.)  
The principal ingredient in luck is common sense.  
Every married man knows that it takes but one to make a quarrel.  
Anyway, a woman never believes all her husband believes she believes.  
An honest man doesn't strive for the kind of success that needs an excuse.  
At that, a man's fool friends are about the only ones who will lend him money.  
However the suffragist will never insist on the privilege of being paid.  
A woman frequently changes her mind, but the quality remains just the same.  
Home is the place to which some men go in order to get even when disagreeable things happen downtown.  
**JOURNAL ENTRIES.**  
(Tapeks Journal.)  
A circus side-show is nothing more than a menagerie of strange humans.  
Nor is it unusual for a person to sow seeds of kindness and reap a crop of ingratitude.  
Almost every man labors under the idea that he was cut out for something different from what he is.  
Very frequently the intuition for which women are held in such fame is nothing more than an exhibition of their common sense.

**GLOBE SIGHTS.**  
(Aitchison Globe.)  
How good is pretty good.  
Every air business has had its jolts.  
How a fat woman hates to be called "portly."  
People can't ever agree as to what is a broad minded man.  
Most great minds are changed by the wives of their owners.  
Neighbors don't bother you half as much as you think they do.  
Some people get so enthusiastic about a good cause they lie about it.  
Assuming the proper attitude usually means putting up the money.  
However, flippant frequently is more interesting than something sensible.  
Poets prattle about joys of rustic solitude, but most of them prefer to live in town.

**QUAKER MEDITATIONS.**  
(Philadelphia Record.)  
Many a man has more money than he knows what to do with, but the rest of us can tell him.  
We get so tired giving other people advice that we finally become tempted to use some of it ourselves.  
Fortune may not always be feminine, but misfortune must be.

LITTLE INTERVIEWS

"JUST make it strong about those prisoners escaping from the prison camp," said chaplain John T. Axton, of the 20th Infantry, Sunday. "Say that a gopher dug a tunnel six feet high, 3000 yards long and seven feet across; that the gopher is a pet and is now in camp, having been brought here from Olinaga on the back of one of the soldiers. His claws are a little worn, but he is still ready to resume his job. He is just a joke, but it is no more unreasonable than the story about the prisoners' tunneling. The camp through which that must be blasted to get telephone poles."

"To give children pleasure brings with it the greatest return of pleasure of anything a grownup may do," said Mrs. William H. Smith, who entered her whole heartily into all their frolics and pleasures that just to be with them, to enter into their world of play, to keep a person always young in spirit."

"If Villa takes Torreon, there seems little doubt but that he will follow it by taking Mexico City," said V. L. Bean, "if Huerta is concentrating all the forces at his disposal to defend Torreon and these forces are decisively defeated, I believe Villa could march right into Mexico City without opposition. Huerta and the defeated federalists would probably desert and join the rebels. But to capture the national capital without having to fight a series of battles, the rebels would have to move southward almost as soon as they were given the opportunity of waiting a month or two for supplies and ammunition."

"It was a novel sight to me to see the boys and girls in bathing in the ocean," said Tom York, while in Los Angeles on the trip to Long Beach. "There was a number of boys and girls in the ocean. While the day was warm I thought it was a good idea to swim, but some of my friends tried to persuade me to take a plunge."

"Do you know how a circusian waltzes is obtained?" asked W. W. Turney, as the First National Bank opening Saturday evening. "The circusian waltzes and stumps of waltz trees. They are grubbed out and crosscut to bring out the wonderful graining in the wood. Because of the increasing demand for this kind of interior finish, the stumps of the waltz trees are now more numerous than the bodies of the trees and the old ground from which the trees have been cut is being worked for this expensive timber. Its graining surpasses that of any other wood. The wood in this bank is one of the most costly items in its interior construction."

"I am strongly in favor of using the school center," said Rev. Perry J. Rice, "and I have been an advocate of that plan of using the school buildings for such things. But I think that the dance should not be in the schools. There are several reasons. One is that the dance is becoming such a thing that it is going to extremes. Another is that educators over the country who have been looking into the matter of the dance and the furnishing an excitement that is not good for young people of adolescent age. I have seen the high school authorities have been answering an urgent demand to provide a place for the dance of the young people of the school out of school hours. That is on the social center idea and is most commendable. It is not the disposition of the ministers to be drastic in dancing, but we believe that there are many other forms of entertainment and pleasure that could be provided for the young people in the high school building, keeping up the social center idea, which would not be objectionable to anyone."

"The average El Pasoan has no idea how many hundreds of people board cars every day at the transfer station, or where the transfer station used to be," said Chas. E. Jones. "From my place of business here, I can see the crowds all day, and I venture the estimate that at least 5000 persons get on or off street cars here every day. At 7 p. m. every day at the corner of Oregon and Mills streets, between 5 and 6 o'clock, the street cars are discharging passengers at that place in large numbers, while between 6 and 7 p. m. the process is reversed."

"Sir Herbert Tree, the London actor-manager, is the most famous raconteur and wit that London has produced in stage for generations," remarked W. H. Savery, manager of the Stratford-upon-Avon players. "This morning, 'The shafts have long tickled the ribs of his fellow actors and managers, who are always anxious to hear Tree's latest particularly absurd and amusing remarks. It is not a shot at them. But, before the Stratford-upon-Avon Players left London for their first American tour, their director, F. R. Benson, planted a story upon Sir Herbert that has made the theatrical dressing rooms rock with merriment. Benson was the careworn dinner given to Mr. Benson by the leading men of arts and letters in the world's capital, and at Stratford-upon-Avon, Sir Herbert as one of the list of distinguished speakers. Mr. Benson admitted that the Stratford Players were the proudest of the prospect of sailing over the Atlantic in the wake of Christopher Columbus and others, but they would try to show a brave front, and if they grew pale at any time they would do so on a thicker coat of grease paint. 'But, we shall make sure it is grease paint,' declared Mr. Benson, 'and not cuscuta.' Sir Herbert, who, I remember, on the night of his first appearance in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' several years ago, got a little nervous at the time for the first rising of the curtain drew near. He had ordered in a bite for supper, and stood before the mirror in his dressing room chewing a stick of grease paint and rubbing his cheeks with the bone of a cutlet."

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald This Date 1900.  
Clint Ewellly came down this morning from Los Angeles. Mrs. Ben Williams came down from Las Cruces this morning. Charles R. Drake is in the city from Tucson, Ariz. returned last night from Dallas and Fort Worth. Judge A. M. Walshaw arrived in El Paso from El Paso this morning. Miss Kate Briggs is in the city from Mesilla, visiting her sister, Mrs. W. H. Ward. Mrs. O. W. Stevens is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Ward, of this city. Mrs. H. D. Slater returned today from a visit to her parents in Washington. The 1900 club will meet tonight at the residence of the president, Leon Gomez, for a social session. Charley Pollock is again on his regular run on the White Oaks. Joe Graham alternates as conductor. G. W. Love, a ranchman living near Sierra Blanca, and Miss Mabel Smith, daughter of C. E. Smith, were united in marriage at the First Baptist church yesterday. Rev. W. O. Millican officiating. The city attorney is on his annual crusade against those of his professional brethren who have not paid their city occupation tax, and this includes

A Woman's Club Impresses Man as Really Charming

He Thinks It Far Better of the Blues Than a Man's Club—Young Rockefeller, the Rich Son of a Rich Father Who Really Is Not an Idle—Stock-Exchange Bookeer. By GOTTHAM KNICKERBOCKER.

NEW YORK, March 16.—July of last year, from a visit to the wonderful Fifth avenue, in the new section of town which is growing up around the Grand Central terminal, in the Women's University club, at No. 196 East 42nd street, to be precise, its nine most stonny legs upon which it stands, a young man, who is a Smith college alumnus, she examined at, and she had thrown away about half of one of my favorite cigars. "You don't think we'd be as inebriated as that," she concluded. "Men guests are always privileged to smoke here. We can, too, though few of the girls do."

So I lit up a fresh one and we invaded the sacred precincts. A different section, explained Miss Smith. "We did the library on the third floor, Vassar the living room on the fourth floor; Bernard the reception room on the first floor, and the U. of Chicago the dressing room on the first floor. This was certainly a real club. But there was a different atmosphere than that of a man's. Everything was bright and sunny. The man's club is dark and smoky. Here the furnishings were gay and warm, positively cheerful. It was a place to dwell away a fit of the blues, but a place to forget them. But let me get some statistics and so on out of my system. The building cost \$300,000. It has innumerable dressing rooms, a roof garden where tea parties are given, and a swimming pool. There are 43 chambers, of which 20 are reserved for transients. The entire eighth floor is a big gymnasium with shower baths and so on.

We were on the beautiful second floor, where from a balcony one may look upon tawny mahogany furniture and recessed windows. The effect is gray and old rose. I don't think this club will break up any homes," I observed sincerely. "That tired wife and mother ought to come back to father and the children with a new bundle of sunshine after an hour or two here."

There used to be an idea current that the son of a very rich man could not be good for anything. Some day when I have had a long and hard look at the son of a very rich man, I will name over for you a few of the sons of notable men of wealth who are members of the Women's University club. But right now I will mention one example, John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

With a father so rich that he makes men with an income of a million a year seem only comfortably fixed John D. Jr. is about the farthest from that legendary horror, the "idle rich," that could be imagined.

Aside from his own money, which he has made, he is able to do with his money, he personally works hard in churches and Sunday schools every week in his life. Any regular preacher could write and deliver a sermon as well as John D. Jr. would soon become famous and have an important office.

He personally goes outside the church into the unsavory corners and does sociological work which is as utterly unlike that of the typical kid gloved reformer that it defies ridicule. But John D. Jr. is barred from an opportunity which is open to you and me. He can never be president of the United States. His father's money is not even a hindrance. His own skyscraper mansion with express and local elevators is an absolute bar.

By the way, John D. Jr. is not a fad to fame just now. He is the first of the Rockefeller family to patronize art extensively. For \$150,000 he secured 20 Chinese porcelains known as "Black Hawthorn," which were made for the great Chinese emperor, Kang-Hsi, under whom the art of ceramics probably reached the greatest development in the history of civilization.

That kind of ruffians, the New York stock exchange brokers, ripped a young man's clothes to shreds recently and sent him scurrying into New street, their back alley, with scarcely enough apparel to conceal his nakedness as he scurried home.

It happened this way. He is a brother of a board member and looks so much like his brother that a custom dealer does not distinguish them. Thinking to have a little fun by breaking one of the strictest rules of the customs, he was smashed by a charged tradition, he ran the gauntlet of the door tenders at the New street entrance. These men take themselves as knowing every member of the exchange by his gait, shape, voice and face. But in his haste, he wandered about in his big fur coat, and then somebody who knew his brother especially well began to observe him.

A whispered conference and then the pack fell upon him. Off came his hat, his collar and coat, and when he finally emerged there was little of the respectable in his appearance. One of the ways went around to John D. Jr., the veteran on the main door. The intruder hadn't passed through this way, but the way told Connolly he was a young man, and he was dressed especially when the joker added: "You'll let in Sam Untermyer next."

ABE MARTIN

Several Cars Make Trip to Elephant Butte from El Paso  
One Party Misses the Road and Returns to El Paso; Many Trips to Hueco.

FIVE carloads of people made a trip to Elephant Butte dam from El Paso Saturday, returning Sunday. A sixth car started but missed the road above Las Cruces and after hunting all Saturday afternoon for the way out, the motorist spent Saturday night at Lordsburg and returned to El Paso Sunday. Those who made the trip to the dam included Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Holmes and Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Stafford in Mrs. Holmes's Hupmobile. J. G. Barada and wife in their Cadillac roadster. Fred Hewitt and brother, Arthur, from California, in the former's Buick roadster. W. R. Schults and wife in their Ford touring car. James C. White and wife and Roland Deaton and wife in a Rambler in Mr. White's Chalmers "30." H. E. Potter, H. S. Beach, E. M. Whitaker and Arthur Ferguson, in Mr. Potter's Chalmers "30." E. W. Mitchell and wife and T. A. Thurston and wife in Mr. Mitchell's car comprised the party that got as far as Las Cruces and got lost. Those who went to the dam found the road in good shape but the majority of those in the party had considerable trouble.

A. E. Ryan, Clarence Rand and Arthur H. Jackson, who arrived Monday morning to El Paso after a month's auto trip through southern California. They left here on February 12 and followed the better part of the route to San Diego. Near Aguas Calientes, Ariz., they struck rainy weather and were forced to lay over four days in San Diego before starting for Los Angeles. Hawkins says they were the first to travel to Los Angeles after the floods, which struck California three weeks ago. The travelers left the coast city last Monday and came through El Paso. Ryan's "Bear Cat" Stutz roadster, which was forced to lay over in El Paso, Phoenix road race last fall, carried the autoists on their journey.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Martin and Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Hagerty, of Chicago, motored to the Valley Inn at Yaleta Sunday morning in Mr. Martin's Chalmers "20" for breakfast and afterwards visited San Elizario, Socorro and Clint, returning to El Paso in the afternoon. The party took the new road from Asarote to Yaleta, as the old road is closed for repairs to a bridge at Valdepeino. The new road is a very fine place to lay out and really better at present for motoring than the old road.

C. B. Stevens and Mrs. Stevens drove up the west side Sunday in Mr. Stevens's automobile. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rodas and Mrs. Norman Walker and son, Norman, Jr. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hopper motored to Yaleta Sunday and then to the Country club for the concert, in their Reo car. With them were Mr. and Mrs. Powell Stockhouse and Mrs. J. F. Williams.

Otto Thorman, Miss Adella Wallwork, Miss Nell Louise Rowland and Charles Brann motored out to the Hueco Tanks Sunday in Mr. Thorman's Reo. J. O. Jarvis drove out to the Hueco Tanks Sunday in his Cadillac car with Miss Marie Robertson, Miss Therese Youngberg and F. J. Tibbitts.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Booth motored out through the mountain pass of the Hueco Tanks Sunday in their Buick roadster. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Stockard, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Woodward, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Smith, Mr. and Mrs. John Lucas, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Newton formed a picnic party at the Hueco Tanks Sunday, motoring out in Mr. Stockard's Hudson and Abbott Detroit cars. Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Daniels, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. McKenna and Mr. and Mrs.

"This Is My Birthday Anniversary"

THIS is the turn of the year for many El Paso boys and girls. The Herald wishes for them all a pleasant and prosperous 12 months, and many happy returns of the day.

Those celebrating their birth today are:

- Robert Stewart, 11.  
William Wright, 13.  
Elsie Goodwin, 10.  
Dorothy Brattstrom, 16.  
Tuttt Barton, 10.  
Francis Broadus, 15.  
Claude Dorman, 10.  
Arnold Arterburn, 10.  
Sunday's list is as follows:  
Allen Haile, 13.  
Leslie Comeau, 9.  
Alberta Martin, 16.  
Bernardo Bowman, 12.  
Lyman Kingsberry, 8.  
Harry Harris, 15.  
William Ernest Cox, 11.  
Raymond Solly, 12.  
Lawrence S. Charles, 13.  
Allen Ardoin, 10.  
William Greenwood, 13.  
Jack Manning, 10.  
Alice Van Haselen, 14.  
James Mengelt, 17.  
Stewart Patterson, 12.  
George Oliver, 14.  
Ruth Aronstein, 8.  
Maria Flores, 17.  
Bertha Ward, 11.  
Helen Kaston, 10.  
Pearl Kaston, 14.  
Nearly three dozen names today! But The Herald has a free ticket to the Bazaar for each one, presented with its compliments. Call at the office.

More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

**FASHION NOTE.**  
"Many a pair of patched trousers," says a Birmingham paper, "covers an honest heart." The fashions in Birmingham must be distinctive, either in trousers or in anatomy.

**WHERE HE BELONGS.**  
General Weyler, the ex-Cuban butcher, is dissatisfied with the job assigned him by the king of Spain. There seems to be an opening for a man of Mr. Weyler's talents in Mexico.

**THE SAME IN THE OLDEN DAYS.**  
Since the suffragists slashed the Rokeby Venus we began to understand the young Venus. Lost some of her charms. Only the earlier suffragists must have used clubs.

**WHO WILL BE THE RICHER OF THE FUTURE?**  
If the birth rate among the poor is cut down as an ingenious eugenist suggests, where will the future rich come from?

**OF COURSE THEY ARE.**  
The countless E-dodys that American husbands are the best husbands. That is what American husbands have always insisted.

She looked at him in amazement. "You are wonderful!" she exclaimed. "Not at all," he said modestly. "I repeat, this is Monday. Suppose you run along home and look in your father's closet and see if his tango slippers have disappeared with him. If they have, that's the answer, and you can just send me a check for \$6 or so."

An hour later a messenger boy called at the great detective's apartments with a check for \$5.95. The great detective, being somewhat of a tango-maniac himself, knew that the tango-teas on the roof of the Byzantine hotel were held every Monday and Friday afternoon.

100 Years Ago Today

ONE hundred years ago today Reuben J. Meigs became postmaster general of the United States. Meigs belonged to a family that played a conspicuous part in the early civil and military history of the United States. After graduating from Yale he went with his father to Ohio, engaging in the practice of law at Marietta. He was the first chief justice of the state of Ohio. After the Louisiana Purchase president Jefferson appointed him a supreme court judge of Louisiana and later he occupied a like position in the newly formed territory of Michigan. Mr. Meigs also served as United States senator from Ohio and as governor of that state. When his term as governor expired president Madison gave him the postoffice portfolio in his cabinet, which he held for nine years. He resigned and retired from public life in 1823 but did not long enjoy the rest he had so well earned, for he died at Marietta early in 1824.

MERCHANTS PROVIDE JOBS FOR HOSTS OF SIEGEL EMPLOYEES

New York, March 14.—Of more than two-thirds of the 2500 employees of the bankrupt Siegel stores in this city who have been discharged, it is estimated that not more than 200 will be idle Monday. A third of the force was retained to aid in the inventory and sale of the stocks of the stores. Other merchants generally were quick with offers of work to the dismissed. The entire auditing department of the Fourteenth street store has been employed by a firm of druggists. Clerks to general belief, all of the clerks who are to be discharged will receive their weekly pay checks.

Water Main Delays Paving Bliss Street

The Blittville Paving company began putting down the "hot stuff" surfacing in the first block on Bliss street this morning and by tonight the block will be open for traffic. Paying on the eastern end of Bliss street is being delayed by failure of the G. H. railroad to lower its water pipes from its pumphouse near Fort Bliss.

Silence

BY GEORGE FITCH, Author of "At Good Old Sirrah."

SILENCE is one of the greatest unconserved human resources. The production of conversation is increasing each year by leaps and bounds. But very few new mines of silence are being developed. About the only way to obtain silence nowadays is to support a candidate vigorously and then wait for him to offer an appointment after he is elected.

Silence is decreasing in quantity so rapidly, in fact, that there is great cause for alarm. Railroad trains and automobiles have driven it out of our cities. The Chautauqua platform had eradicated it in our statesmen. So many hauntings are now held that a business man must now make four speeches a week or fall below the general average. The home was once silent while father read the paper in the evening. But even this deposit is now exhausted. Mother turns on the music which runs by electricity.

And yet silence is one of the greatest of all minerals and the most valuable. There was a time when it was golden, but owing to the extreme scarcity it is now platinum. The man who is able to keep silent in an eloquent and convincing manner is frequently elected to office because of the things he hasn't said. The most successful method of debate nowadays is to let the other man do the talking until the newspapers begin to quote him and then to let him do his own rebutting. A few words spoken at the proper time may keep a

The Daily Novelette

THE TANGO CASE.

A dot, a trail, a finger-mark. Are all a real sleuth needs. Sometimes a gown, a comb, a scent; Oftimes a string of beads.

THE great detective offered his fair visitor a chair. She sat on a sofa. "My husband's father—" she began. "Ah," remarked the great detective, "your father-in-law."

"Why," she explained in wonder, "how did you know?" "I deduced it," explained the great detective simply. "Well, it's about him that I came to consult you. He is rather an elderly man, quite advanced in years for a man of 1865, and his carriage on are worrying me. For two months now, every Monday and Friday afternoon, he has stolen from the house immediately after luncheon, and failed to return until 6 and 7 in the evening. I have tried to follow him, but he always escapes me. Oh, sir, where can a man of that age go so mysteriously, so secretly? He absolutely refuses to answer questions."

The great detective pondered. "Mondays and Fridays," he mused. "Mondays and Fridays. Mondays and Fridays. Monday—Madam, this is Monday, is it not?"

She looked at him in amazement. "You are wonderful!" she exclaimed. "Not at all," he said modestly. "I repeat, this is Monday. Suppose you run along home and look in your father's closet and see if his tango slippers have disappeared with him. If they have, that's the answer, and you can just send me a check for \$6 or so."

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